

THE LIGUORIAN

In the Service of

OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

May - - - - - 1931

IN THIS ISSUE

OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP - - - - -	228
FATHER TIM CASEY - - - - -	194
C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R.	
THE HOUSE OF THE QUEEN - - - - -	210
D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.	
CATHOLIC READERS - - - - -	219
The Editor.	

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

(Con.)

Ave Maria.....	193
Bro. Reginald, C.Ss.R.	
The Consecrated Palette.....	201
Peter J. Etzig, C.Ss.R.	
J. O. C.....	206
Aug. T. Zeller, C.Ss.R.	
The Samaritan of Molokai.....	223
A Knight of Our Lady.....	226
Catholic Anecdotes	231
Pointed Paragraphs	233
Catholic Events	236
Book Reviews	239
Lucid Intervals	240

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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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MAY, 1931

No. 5

Ann Maria

Sweet psalm of Peace,
Whose golden voice
Breaks on the listening ear afar.
And hearts rejoice.

Sweet psalm of Faith,
Whose light shines clear,
Though heavy drags the weary cross;
Lo! God is here!

Sweet psalm of Hope,
Whose gentle ray
Gleams through the sombre night of earth,
Toward the day.

Sweet psalm of Love,
Whose stream shall flow,
When all our heavy tasks are lost
In afterglow.

Sweet psalm of Life,
That like a strain
Of glorious music fills our hearts,
There to remain.

Sweet psalm of Prayer:
Blest Mother's own,
That like an incense cloud shall reach
Her lofty throne.

—Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

THE SORROWS OF FATHER BROCKNELL

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

At last Father Casey was fulfilling the oft-repeated promise of spending a few days in the remote country parish of Father Andrew Brocknell, an old companion of seminary days. How peaceful! How restful! Instead of the mad city's deafening roar, there was a soothing silence—only silence was such an unusual thing for him that he couldn't get to sleep at nights; when he did finally doze off, the crowing roosters awoke him at half-past three in the morning.

Last night he had tried to while away the sleepless hours reading *Evangeline*. Longfellow's picture of the old priest and the Acadian peasants had quite charmed him —

"Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome."

How full of consolation and quiet joy must be the lot of a country pastor! This morning he regarded, with something like awe, the one-time classmate, who had spent all his priestly life among the simple tillers of the soil.

"Father Andy," he said, "you were the wise one to decline that offer of the bishop's to take a parish in the city."

"We all did foolish things when we were young," Father Brocknell answered from the pump, where he was drawing a pail of water for the radiator before beginning their drive. "Another week without rain, and this cistern will be dry. What we shall do for water then, the dear Lord only knows."

"The rest of us saw well enough," persisted Father Casey, who would not be thrown off the topic, "that it was your zeal for souls that moved you to prefer a country parish with all its privations and hardships. You had more self-sacrifice and energy than all the rest of us."

"The sacrifice I have here in plenty, whether I like it or not. The energy—it must have been many years ago that I had anything in that line to boast of."

Indeed—Father Casey had noted it more than once during the visit—the enterprising, aggressive, tireless Andy Brocknell of former days

now showed at times a listlessness and hopelessness that was quite disheartening. He had aged too; rheumatism, induced by exposure to wet and cold, in the long, difficult visits to his scattered flock, had crippled his limbs. He groaned with pain as he squeezed himself behind the wheel and began coaxing the battered car to start. Nevertheless the city pastor was still under the spell of all he had read of babbling brooks, lowing kine, shaded glens, devoted people, and the rest.

"You have your hardships, I know" he said, "but so, too, have you your compensations. Take, for example, the matter that has been worrying me so much of late, the religious instruction of the children. In my city parish I see hundreds of the children of foreign-born Catholics growing up pagans in the very shadow of the church. I have a Catholic school; they will not attend it. I have regular instructions for public school children; they will not come. They are strangers to me and I to them. I can salve my conscience and say they belong to the foreign-language pastors; but the salve fails to heal the smart. How different it is in a country parish! Here you are just one big family. Every child in the district knows you and loves you and receives the bread of God's word from your hand. You move among them a messenger from heaven." And he quoted Longfellow's lines:

"Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.

Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and
maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome."

Father Brocknell threw in the clutch; the car lurched forward, struck a rut and stopped dead.

"Wait until we have finished this drive around the parish, Father Tim, before you write any poetry about me," he said, as he repeated the complicated operation of starting the motor.

"That is a prosperous looking farmstead before us," said Father Tim, as they rattled down the road. "Do some of your parishioners live there?"

"They used to; but they sold out to a Norwegian and moved to the city."

A little later he remarked: "That is a Catholic home in among the maples on the right. Time was, when it sheltered as fine a group of boys and girls as you ever laid your eyes on. Nobody is left in the

big house now except the old father and mother; and one of these days we'll be carrying them to the churchyard."

A bend in the road brought them in sight of the railroad crossing. Father Casey caught his breath when he saw how the driver pushed on towards it without the least concern. Suppose this old rattlebox should take a notion to stall on the grade. He looked nervously up and down the track, then exclaimed, with a sigh of relief: "There's no train in sight."

"No, nor there hasn't been for a year and a half." In answer to his companion's look of wonder and inquiry, Father Brocknell continued: "The company contended that the auto and the truck had robbed them of what little traffic remained. They got leave from the commission to discontinue service."

"And so that is what has become of your famous railroad. I remember the enthusiastic letters you used to write when it first came through. I believe you gave a lot of time and energy to the project yourself."

"I did that—time and energy that might have been better spent in caring for the spiritual needs of my people."

"But surely it is the part of a true pastor to use his influence also for the temporal wellbeing of his flock."

"No doubt it is. No doubt it is—all within due limits. That the Holy Ghost would give us the gift of prudence to judge rightly just where those limits are! That are so many things a true pastor should do for the souls of his people that we might well wonder where he could find place for other activities."

"At any rate," urged Father Casey, "you succeeded in securing this signal benefit for the people of your community and thereby earned their lasting gratitude."

"Succeeded—yes—after interminable weary appeals to politicians and financiers. Gratitude!" He made a wry face. "You see, Father Tim, each one wanted the road to come through at that precise point where it would afford him the greatest benefit and the least inconvenience. Now, no railroad on earth could do that without running around in circles. As a result, those that were disappointed, became my enemies; those that were pleased, forgot to say, thank you. You will say I am getting old and lazy, but now I favor leaving such things to laymen."

"Rarely have laymen, especially in a small community, so much in-

fluence as the priest. Should he not use this influence for the public good?"

"Father Tim, I wonder—if we would do our full duty in the spiritual line, perhaps we should have laymen of such integrity and moral worth that they would have all the influence necessary without our mixing in the affairs of mammon and getting ourselves under obligations to politicians and financiers."

"What did the railroad bring?"

"It brought us a few new families—and unlimited hopes. That is when I built the parish school. We managed by hook or by crook to keep the school going for a number of years until the cyclone wrecked it. By that time so many Catholics had moved away, that we were not able to rebuild it, nor able to support it, if it were rebuilt. There's the end of that chapter—an abandoned railroad, and a school in ruins."

"Look," said Father Casey, "that is a strange place to plant an apple orchard;" and he pointed to a few decaying fruit trees standing in the middle of a plowed field.

"Those trees mark the spot where a house once stood—the home of an excellent Catholic family. They are gone, and two or three small farms have been made into one large farm—a common practice in these parts. When a man has a tractor, he wants elbow room; he cannot afford to spend half his time turning at the end of the furrow."

They passed a public school. A group of children were spending recess time at the roadside. Father Brocknell gave them a cheery greeting. A few responded, "How're you," the other stared boldly at the priests and said nothing.

"What! Are there no Catholics at all in that school?" asked Father Casey.

"A few. There were two or three in the group we just passed."

"They did not tip their caps or call you, Father." He was thinking of Longfellow's children who "paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them."

"They are already half Protestant," replied Father Brocknell. Then he faced his companion and cried: "Come, out with it, Father Tim! I can see it in your eye. You are saying to yourself: Why don't this old country pastor wake up and instruct his children?"

Father Casey flushed. That was the very thought in his mind.

"Believe it or not," continued Father Brocknell, "I do teach cate-

chism. When we come to the next town, I will show you some of the material I have to work on."

"Is the next town your out-mission?"

"It is one of the five. Three of them have little churches where I say my Mass once a month. These churches were built in the days of dirt roads and horse-drawn vehicles. Now most of the people have autos, and there are a few fairly decent roads. They could, if they tried, come to the parish church every Sunday. However they are content with the Mass-a-month, and not over finicky about missing that. Here is the town before us."

"And that beautiful stone church," cried Father Casey, "surely that is not —"

"No, indeed! That is the Methodist church. The brick church to the right, with the spire, is the Baptists'. Ours is the tiny frame building you see down at the end of the street. I know—you are going to tell me it ought to be painted. Some day, I promise you, it will be, when we scrape money enough together. I offered to show you the kind of material we have to work on in our catechism class. There are, in this town, three Catholic families with children. As two of them are mixed marriages, and you would say they are not fair samples, I shall take you to the home where both parents are Catholics—of a sort."

Walking from the automobile to the door, they caught a fleeting glimpse of the eldest daughter. She and another high school girl were beating a hasty retreat. They had no desire to meet a priest—let alone two of them.

"Good morning, Mrs. Long." This was Father Brocknell's greeting to the woman of the house, who returned a rather hollow-sounding, good morning, but made no motion to unlatch the screen. The pastor forced the issue. "We can only step in for a few minutes. I want you to meet my old classmate, Father Casey." And the good lady had no alternative but to invite them to enter. Ralph and Marion, the two younger children, had spied the automobile before their mother's door and had run in at recess time to see who was there.

"You are the very little people I was looking for," cried Father Brocknell. "I am having catechism class in the church next Tuesday after school. Now, don't forget, or I'll have a search party out looking for you."

"Can't go Tuesday. Gym practice at the 'Y' Tuesday." Ralph's remark had the finality of a "that's that."

Father Casey marvelled how gracefully the once hot-headed Andy Brocknell swallowed his indignation and even forced himself to speak cheerfully. "I'll tell you what we can do then, Ralph; we can have the catechism class Thursday instead of Tuesday."

"The Baptist Sunday school is giving an ice cream party Thursday afternoon, and I promised Edith I would go with her," whined Marion.

"But those are the only days on which I can possibly come," Father Brocknell declared. He appealed to the mother. "Mrs. Long, the children must get some instruction in their religion."

"Yes, that is true. Marion, sweetheart, hadn't you better give up the party Thursday and go to catechism class?" she suggested weakly.

"Oh, mamma!" The child began to snifle. "All the other girls are going—and I've been looking forward to this—and I can't break my promise—and I—I—I—"

"There, now, darling, don't cry. Mamma will let you go. You see," she said to the priest, "it really would not do to deprive the child of this pleasure. Besides, after so kindly inviting her and all that, the Baptist ladies would take offense if she stayed away. We cannot afford to stir up bigotry; they are the only neighbors we have to associate with." And thus the catechism question was settled for another week.

"Do you ever have any clashes with the public school teachers or principals?" was Father Casey's first question after they had left the house.

"Not now any more. There was a time when we had battles in plenty."

"Ah, always the same snorting war horse! You finally convinced them that they had best be fair to things and persons Catholic, or they would have you charging down upon them."

"No, Father Tim, more's my shame, I cannot say that. Say, rather, that I knew when I was licked and gave up the hopeless struggle. Oh, they do not come out openly and baldly against the Church. They know they would be promptly called to account for that. But by half truths and hints and allusions and the like they wittingly or unwittingly undermine the faith of the Catholic child. And what can I do? They have the child the whole day for ten or twelve years, while I have it for a half-hour's instruction—whenever I can get it. You just now saw

the Long family. That is a fair sample. Well I remember Mrs. Long's father,—as fine and fearless a Catholic as ever blessed himself, God rest him," the pastor continued as they jolted along. "On more than one occasion, he had to suffer for his faith. But he gloried in the fact. Nowadays they compromise to avoid the suffering—and lose the faith." The tired priest sighed wearily and coaxed the sputtering motor to mend its pace.

By the time they had visited the other out-missions and turned homeward, the sun was setting. In obedience to a furious honking from the rear, Father Brocknell turned out as far as the narrow road would permit. Amid clouds of dust, tipsy yells, and shrieks of laughter, a little four-seated automobile shot by. In it were jammed at least eight boys and girls.

"For the love of heaven, Father Andy, what was that?"

"A group of high school pupils out for a frolic—and several of our Catholics among them."

That night, out on the little verandah of the rectory, the two friends sat long silent listening to the whirr of the locusts and the occasional cry of a screech owl. Father Casey was thinking of this lonely man, hopelessly fighting a losing fight; his whole heart went out to him in sympathy.

"Father Andy," he burst out at length, "I had always pictured country parishes strongholds of religion, and country people deeply attached to their faith and devoted to their pastors."

"There are many such parishes and such people, thank God, but not parishes where the people are scattered over such a vast territory as mine, and where several generations have been brought up in non-Catholic schools and have hobnobbed with Protestant neighbors," said Father Brocknell.

Sir Joseph Banks (1743-1820), one of England's great scientists, when asked by King George III what was the most beautiful thing he had seen in his scientific voyage around the world, replied: "The evidence of the Creator of it all."

"The first of all virtues is innocence; the next is modesty. If we banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it."—*Addison*.

The Consecrated Palette

[BROTHER MAX]SCHMALZL, C. Ss. R. 1850-1930

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

January 7, 1930, 4 A.M.—The artist lay still in death. The brethren rose from their knees, and softly left the room, while over the countryside sounded the morning Angelus. Brother Max was with God.

To many Catholics, more particularly to Religious and priests, the initials M.S. hidden in the vignettes and etchings of Breviary and Missal may often have been tantalizing and mysterious. Many for that reason saw and passed on, but that work of art was done by a humble Bavarian laybrother, Max Schmalzl.

BAVARIAN CRADLE

In Falkenstein, at the fringe of the Bavarian forest, he was born on July 7, 1850. The surroundings of childhood, the historic forests of lower Germany, the rolling country and the mountains that cradled his birthplace, together with great interior vitality and impressionability formed the basis of his future greatness and success in the field of his choice, ecclesiastical art. The Schmalzl family was a genuine forester family with strong family life and virile Catholicity. Peter, the father, was a cobbler and prospered in his trade. He was of a happy and open disposition, could handle several musical instruments, and was in demand as the village fiddler. The mother, Francis Dietl, was of a sanguine temperament, and said to have been a real mother. She made pilgrimages quite frequently, and was no stranger to the dance floor.

Max was the youngest of ten children. Of robust health, he was noted for the largeness of his head, which fact often brought some teasing his way. He seems to have been his mother's favorite—but this did not spoil him, for the Schmalzls had ways of home life that precluded undue favoritism. Max early showed his averseness to field labor by advising his mother: "Mother, I think it were better if we sold the farm."

Little Max had a wholesome fear of his father. The rod was not spared nor was it flourished too frequently. The father had methods of pedagogy all his own, which Max experienced on more than one occasion. Max had difficulty in enunciating the letter "d," whether because of a natural or psychological defect we are not told. One

evening Max stumbled into the same difficulty. The father got up and looked around for the strap, and lo! Max gave forth the perfect "d."

EARLY EDUCATION

In 1858 the oldest boy, Peter, was ordained priest, and he always exerted great influence over his youngest brother. It may have been the urging of Peter, who himself was no mean drawer, that turned the attention of Max to that art. At any rate, Peter did actually do much in later years to see that Max was educated in art.

Mingling with other boys, and partaking of their pastimes, was not a strong point with Max—he seemed too much a mother's boy to be popular. At any rate, they never could persuade him to join them on their cherry forays. His character seemed to have marks of a timorous nature, and he was quite afraid of lightning and thunder.

At school, he himself tells us in some of his biographical notes, things went along fairly well with the exception of his second and third last years. Some cause of his falling below former standard may be found in the fact that he was constantly bothered with severe earache at this period.

ARTISTIC DEVELOPMENT

With departure from school came the question of a choice of trade. Max had always leaned toward the arts, drawing and painting, but had never had opportunity to educate himself in them. The Schmalzls had artistic connections; Mr. Schmalzl's half-brother was a decorator; and Peter had a very developed talent in that direction. Max was placed with his uncle, Wolfgang Schmalzl, to learn decoration. But after much deliberation, Mr. Schmalzl was told to keep Max away from painting, and accordingly he was sent to Regensburg to learn drawing in preparation to becoming a builder. He studied there in the institute of J. Dorner, and learned ornament, pillar grouping, and plan draughting. This was in the year 1864-65. In the meantime he attended mass daily at an old chapel and was a model student. But he was unwilling to be a stone mason, and, therefore, returned to his uncle's studio to study decoration. He spent two years there studying color, color mixture, stroking and gold leaf work. Then followed eight weeks' employment with the artist, Schigl, of Burghausen, but his uncle's failing health and incapacity brought Max back to assist in the work of the studio.

Of undoubted importance, however, in Max's art education and formation as well as his religious vocation, was the entry of Peter

Schmalzl, already a priest, into the Redemptorist Order in 1865. In 1868 Mr. Schmalzl died and soon after we find Max in Munich where he worked for the court decorator Schulze. A painting assignment at the home of the artist Hess brought on a friendship with the latter's son, August, who at the time was painting a picture of St. Alphonsus and of Father Frank Bruchmann, the great Redemptorist of Southern Germany. Both these paintings were being done for the Redemptorist Monastery situated at Gars, to which place Father Schmalzl had just been transferred. Max thus became acquainted with the Redemptorist house which he himself was one day to make his home. Employment in Munich lasted till 1870. By this time he had saved a bit and had also received some financial assistance from friends, so that he could enter the studio of Theodore Spiess to make a systematic study of art. He made great progress, was cited for talent, perseverance and industry, and became a favorite with the master. But his studies did not keep him from going weekly to confession to a Benedictine Father and from being seen very often at the Communion rail. He was exempted from military service in the Franco-Prussian War, although two of his brothers, Godfrey and John, had to join. During the summer of this year, 1871, he had occasion to go to Gars in order to do some assignment, and the influence of his brother in the decision of Max's vocation seems to have carried the day. At any rate, came August and with it the final decision of Max to enter the Redemptorist Order and become a lay brother.

EARLY RELIGIOUS LIFE

In November of this same year Max started his novitiate under the well-known Redemptorist, Father George Schober. It is rather coincidental that he should have been developed in religious life by the same man who was to do much in giving his artistic life definite objective and value. Max experienced no opposition from his mother in following out his vocation—a fact that may have been due to Peter, whose letters home were looked upon as a kind of last word. However, Max's sister Anne did fear a bit for his perseverance, and dreaded the disgrace of a return to civil life. On May 20, 1872, he was invested in the Redemptorist habit, having heretofore been in the novitiate as a candidate and dressed in ordinary secular garb. In the novitiate that began now in all earnest, Max got his share of all the duties of a lay brother, and field work became the order of the day—and we read of no advice

similar to that he gave to his mother. Later on he was allowed to spend two hours daily at his drawing, but this had to be done under the supervision of his Reverend Brother. Brother Max was known during his entire novitiate as a conscientious novice, and the notes of these times show his earnestness in the attaining of those virtues that mark the good lay brother. He seems to have been tried most by a spirit of pride which he strove to master, and as his later life shows, did actually master. But, as a human trait, he does note that the severity and the exacting conduct and supervision of his brother irritated him more than once.

STORMY DAYS OF THE KULTURKAMPF

On June 19, 1872, the decree banishing the Jesuits and all related religious orders from Germany was signed. A year later the Redemptorists were officially recognized as related to the Jesuits, and the 20-year banishment of the Bavarian Redemptorists began. It is one of the honors, and surely it is an enviable one, of this group of Redemptorists that during these dark and trying years, no Redemptorist became faithless to his vows and Order. The decrees of the Kulturkampf were not aimed at the possessions of religious orders, but were directed at the Community itself, especially in its activities. Priests were not allowed to live in common and had to forego all pastoral activities. Individual houses, in as far as they were not foundations, could belong to individual Fathers, and they could remain there in the capacity of private persons and could keep a lay brother as servant. They could, therefore, live a community life, but always under the necessity of great care and watchfulness because district officers seemed to have been quite diligent. In this way Brother Max could continue to reside at Gars despite all decree of banishment. On the other hand, no Father could remain at Vilsbiburg because that Church was a pilgrimage Church and did not belong to the Order. The Brothers, however, remained, but in the capacity of servants to the secular priest who took charge of the church. Although Brother Max suffered much from this persecution and missed Community life sorely, we read of no complaints in his notes.

His brother Peter, however, fared far differently—he became one of the sacrifices of the Kulturkampf. He went from Gars to a friendly priest near Straubing, and there was of great assistance in the planning and execution of the Church decoration. But on August 28 he had a

hemorrhage, and he went for a short time to Altoetting to recuperate. But he returned to Straubing soon after and from there went to Ens-dorf. There he sank rapidly, dragged down more by anguish of soul than by disease of body. In March, 1874, all hope of recovery was abandoned and he expressed the wish to die among his confreres in religion. They tried to have him taken to Heldenstein where some of the laybrothers were, but permission of the civil authorities was refused. Soon after the end came quietly, sacrificially, July 31, 1874.

Meanwhile Gars was still the home for two of the Fathers and for the Father Provincial (Schmoeger). The government knew of their being there but dared not oust them. Other Fathers came and went, and some even remained, and in 1875 the house was again canonically erected and Father Vogl appointed superior. In 1878 the second novitiate—Redemptorist laybrothers make two years' novitiate—was established with Father Vogl nominal novice master and Father Schoepf acting novice-master. In July of this same year the profession of four brothers, among whom was Brother Max, was celebrated. Thus six years after his entry Brother Max became a full-fledged member of the Redemptorist Order—an Order which he was to serve so well for 52 years.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SECOND EVE

Dare Adam still reply: the woman, God,
Whom thou hast given, Oh, hath given me
The bitter fruit of thy forbidden tree,
Since Mary sweet this tearful valley trod—
His spotless daughter, at whose slightest nod
The angels gather and the demons flee,
Who offered us the fruit of Calvary,
The sweetest fruit that blushed on sinful sod?
Our mother Eve, alas! gave sin and strife:
She tarried near the dread, forbidden wood.
Her daughter Mary, yea, gave peace and life:
Beneath the cross, the tree of life, she stood.
Yes, she, Oh Adam, has repaired the loss:
She gave us—Jesus hanging from the cross!

—F. R. N., C.Ss.R.

J. O. C.

THE CATHOLIC YOUTH MOVEMENT IN BELGIUM

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

There are in Belgium about 600,000 youthful workers between the ages of 14 and 21. What are they doing? What can be done with and for them?

This was the situation upon which a zealous priest reflected and his reflections ended in a really remarkable achievement that challenges our attention.

This priest is Abbe Joseph Cardijn. He himself tells dramatically how his attention was first drawn to the problems of the youthful workingman.

He was a young lad of a rather poor family. It had just been decided in the family council after supper, that next day Joseph was to begin a job that was open for him in a factory. With his brothers and sisters, the boy climbed the steps to the attic room which was theirs. When the rest had gone to bed, Joseph, barefooted, sneaked out of the attic and went down to the kitchen where father and mother were still talking things over, though the hour was already late. Hesitatingly, he approached his parents.

"Father," said he, "I have a request to make. Please, let me study."

"But," said the father, "you know you are the oldest, and that we, your mother and I, count on you to help us keep the house and support your brothers and sisters."

The boy dared to press his plea.

"Father," he said, "I feel I am called by God. I want to be a priest."

The father was visibly moved. Tears came to his eyes. The mother turned pale. A moment of silence that seemed an age. Then the father turned to his wife and said:

"Mother! We have worked hard and much together. But, if we are to have this blessing, on poor working people, good! Then we shall gladly labor still more!" Joseph began his studies.

One day he received a telegram: "Father is seriously ill." At once he set out for home and found his father stretched out on his poor cot, beyond the help of medicine and doctor. As the boy knelt at the bed-

side, his father laid his wrinkled and horny hand, hardened by years of toil, upon his brow and blessed him. There, as the boy knelt at the bedside of that man who was so brave, so noble, so great—he seemed to feel the whole weight of the workingman's problems and he swore that he would devote his life and energies to their care.

His first station as a young assistant was at Laeken. At once he set about organizing a society for young working people. There were no great results, but he gained a thorough knowledge of the religious need of the great class of young people forced into the ranks of the toilers immediately on leaving school.

His heart bled at the sight of this army—in the blossom of their youth—scarcely passed fourteen—still radiant with the dreams and ideals of youth—engulfed and stifled by the materialism of the age.

What could he do? The Church seemed to stand aloof; the toiler seemed to feel himself a stranger to her and suspicious of all connected with her; the factory is a world in which the priest has nothing to say or do. The young assistant conceived a great plan—to found an organization for young working people, all the members of which should be apostles, saviors of the working class. The young toiler, fresh from the home, should carry into the workday world a new spirit. Together with the Jesuit Father Arendt, Abbe Cardijn worked out a program and called a general meeting of all interested in an organization for youthful workers for July 10, 1924, to assemble in Brussels. One hundred priests from all parts of Brussels attended and that day was born the J. O. C.—Jeunesse Ouvriere Chretienne—or "Christian Working Youth."

It arose from the simple but awful fact that the great body of Belgium's young workers are exposed to moral ruin. These young lads, in school today—were sent out on the morrow, without any transition, into workshop, factory, office, and thrown into the companionship of sunken and sophisticated workmen. Talk, song, inscriptions on walls and doors, and circumstances were such as to break down their innate sense of shame. Shy, weak, inexperienced, they scarcely dared to hold their own. They follow the path of least resistance and yield to the influence of companions with whom they must work, whom they cannot choose. Forgotten, soon, are the lessons learned at home and school—if they had the advantage of a Catholic schooling. Besides, they are just in those years when they must make the transition from

childlike to intelligent and reflecting Faith and feel themselves bereft of all spiritual leadership. Add to this the rising feeling of an injured sense of justice at the sight of social inequalities, causing bitter discontent.

Abbe Cardijn, following the ideas of Pope Leo XIII, resolved to save Belgian youth by combining Catholic Action with social and economic action.

The J. O. C. is an organization that aims to band these young people together not simply into a parish society—even though the pastor is to be the president of the local group and the spiritual leader of every individual member. The J. O. C., however, seeks to follow the youthful toiler step for step, to protect and defend him in the factory, on the street, on the railway, wherever his health, his virtue, his future is exposed to danger. By means of counsel and aid in employment agencies, by advertisement, investigation, circles for young people, it seeks to accustom them to judge and act from a Catholic viewpoint.

The J. O. C. is firmly convinced that their Christian ideas are incalculably superior to the socialistic. This is evident in every field in which they engage. It is most impressive to hear these young working people sing their songs—such as:

Neath the chill kiss of the dawn
Whither dost thou wend thy way,
While all still sleep and noisily
My steps sound in the early mist?
I go to Jesus, my best friend,
To seek from Him my light—
To rouse my heart that fell asleep—
I go to pray.

Or again:

Clear the eye and glad the brow
Full of youthful strength—
Say, Jocist, what power 'tis
That drives you thus in haste?
I go to battle in the ranks
Of Christian men of toil—
To make my brethren greater men
I go into the fray.

You cannot help sensing the confidence of victory in all their re-

unions, when of an evening, after work, they gather with their spiritual leader to discuss their difficulties, as well as at lectures and celebrations and in their study circles. Workingmen are ultimately far greater idealists than any other class of men. A foreigner who visited one of the Jocist general conventions in 1928, declared: "I have never seen anything like it. This was a genuine revolution. When they sang their organization's official hymn, all their feeling and passion seemed to be enlisted in the sentiment more than in the words:

"The love of Christ hath pierced me through,
With Him I march on to victory!"

It seemed like a new Marseillaise!"

A quick review of the movement will reveal its remarkable growth. In 1912, eight young workingmen assembled in the room of the assistant priest of Laeken. They learned to speak in public and to write articles. They were to become apostles. In October, 1920, they issued the first number of their monthly bulletin—300 copies were printed. In 1930, they held their fifth general convention. The report of the work which was submitted there, tells the story.

Their monthly bulletin, "J. O. C.," has 110,000 subscribers. Another paper is issued chiefly for leaders. Pamphlets, leaflets, booklets, are distributed by hundreds of thousands. The work of the organization is expanding in all directions: vocational guidance, finding employment, legal counsel, employment insurance, prevention of accidents, thrift and savings accounts, economic and social education. They conduct local and regional lending libraries, have started book stores, and through their film department have supplied the various sections with more than 1,200 machines and 20,000 films. Entertainments, excursions, visits to museums and expositions, are organized by every section. After ten years' work the Belgium Jocists count 70,000 paying members—young men and young women—in 56 districts and 1,700 groups. More than 100,000 members have already passed through their ranks.

Proud, pure, glad and confident of victory, the Jocists march on. Like the Crusaders of old, they build fortresses of Christianity in the midst of an unbelieving land. Their work already expands beyond the Belgian border. It has penetrated into France, and in other countries apostles are being prepared. And some day, perhaps, magnanimous youth will organize their international co-operation, to their own advantage and the honor of Christ the King.

Houses

THE HOUSE OF THE QUEEN

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

At the evening hour of a day in early May, when the bright spring sun, setting in the west, was sending slanting rays like hung tapestries across the body of the Church of the Nativity, a young woman approached the gaily decorated shrine of the Mother of Perpetual Help and knelt to pray. She looked fixedly at the picture before her, surrounded as it was by flowers and candles and vigils; her lips took on something of the sadness that marked those of the Virgin in the picture; and her eyes began dimly to reflect all the solicitude and worry that were combined in the eyes of the Mother of the Infant Saviour. She felt as she knelt there, a close kinship with the Mother of the picture—the Mother who gave up her child to become the Mother of men; for like Mary, she had assumed the task of becoming a mother to children who had lost their own; and the task demanded a sacrifice that resembled, though ever so faintly and remotely, the sacrifice of Mary.

The prayer of the girl who knelt alone in the quiet evening hour was a strong prayer, a pleading prayer, a hopeful prayer. Throughout her girlhood she had looked up to Mary—had clung to her as a model and inspiration in a way that made her soul the object of beauty it was to all who knew her. She prayed for help and strength and self-sacrifice, and her prayer must have been speedily answered, for after a little while, she arose and with a smile on her lips and a happy but determined expression on her features she walked out of the church.

I

Mary Lynch had a very important engagement for the evening. She had called up her boy friend, Kenneth Allen, and had made the engagement herself. It was not unbecoming of her to do so, because the two had, a few months back, come to an understanding somewhat to the effect that they were made for one another. Besides, this was to be no ordinary meeting; Mary had many things to speak about. One month before her mother had died, and had left her with a younger sister and two small brothers alone in the world. Their father had died some years before.

Kenneth called about eight o'clock. He was a clean-cut young man

of about Mary's age, which was twenty-one, with a strong, muscular, lithe body and not unpleasant features. His hair was light and curled back in a wavy pompadour; his eyes blue and serious; his smile open and full. He walked from his car to the door with a light springy step that betokened a zestful and energetic spirit. He waited for Mary in the living room, playing with the children meanwhile, who clambored around him as one whose presence they were long used to in the home.

When Mary appeared he greeted her and led the way to the door.

"You look like the proverbial Queen of the May, Mary," he said. "Where'll we go and what's on your mind?"

Mary smiled up at him before turning to give a few directions to the children. Then:

"I can't be gone very long," she said, "and there's a lot on my mind. Let's go some place where we can just sit or stroll around and talk."

It was a rare May evening. There was no wind—or rather just the faintest stir of a warm breeze from the south—and on the breeze was carried the fragrance of opening buds and early apple blossoms. The night was clear and cloudless.

Kenneth drove to one of their favorite haunts—the huge park that bordered the north end of the city. They found a parking space for the car, and then together they wandered down to the water's edge. As they walked along the ripples lapped gently at their feet. At intervals they stood gazing out over the dark expanse of water.

Mary plunged into her subject.

"Hasn't the thought struck you, Kenneth," she said, "that mother's death has written a new story into my life?"

Kenneth stopped short in his tracks and put his hand on Mary's arm to stop her, too. His look was puzzled.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Just this," the girl answered, evading his glance and speaking very earnestly. "Doesn't it look as though it's my job now to take care of the children, to bring them up as mother wanted them brought up, to take her place at home?" She bent her head down and was marking out shapeless patterns in the dark sand with her tiny shoe as she went on. "Don't you see that we can't talk about getting married any more—or anything—" She finished rather abruptly and vaguely, and Kenneth did not know that it was her rising tears that broke off the sentence.

The puzzled look on his face turned to one of sudden astonishment and fear.

"Mary!" he almost gasped, "you don't mean—you can't mean that we have to give one another up! We can't do it—it's impossible." He grasped her arm almost fiercely and held it firmly beneath his own.

"But Kenneth," Mary went on, mustering up all her courage, trying to speak in a matter-of-fact way when her own heart was being torn, "Look at the facts with me. There is nothing else to be done. Junior is only three. Bobbie is seven. Margaret is ten. Those kiddies need a mother. It's my job to mother them. That was mother's wish—and it was the last word she spoke to me. It's hard—harder perhaps for me than it is for you. But I can't shirk the duty that lies all cut out for me. Don't you see—you do see—don't you, Kenneth?"

He saw. He wondered why it had not struck him before—during the trying days Mary had already gone through—burying her mother and already assuming the responsibility of taking care of the children. He began to realize why he hadn't seen it before—he hadn't wanted to—he didn't want to now. Mary—almost within his arms—a dream on the verge of fulfillment—and then to be snatched away by the hard hand of duty! He strode up and down the packed sand of the beach and when he spoke again his tone was angry.

"There must be some way," he said. He put his arm around her shoulders and his anger softened at the touch of her. But he went on. "The children can be taken care of by someone else. You have no call to spoil your life and mine. Think of all our hopes and plans and dreams together, Mary. They must be realized or life isn't worth living."

It was a long time before Mary could speak. It was the Mother before whose picture she had knelt in the waning evening hour who upheld her strength. "No," she said, "there is no other way. My duty is clear." She threw herself down on a bench that stood a little back from the water, and wept openly. Kenneth was beside her.

"Then," he said, "I'll have to go away. I can't stand it to be near you, Mary, and not have you for my own as we planned. I'll take the job I've been offered in St. Louis. And I'll come back to you, Mary. I'll come back as sure as fate. We'll see our dreams come true some day."

Mary grasped at his words. "You'll come back?" she whispered.

"Some day? Perhaps it will be possible for us to get married then. God help us—that it can only be true!"

At the door of Mary's home Kenneth kissed her for the last time. They spoke hardly a word. It was the parting of their ways.

II

Ten years had gone by. Time had wrought great changes in Mary and the children. Junior was thirteen—and about to graduate from grammar school. Bobbie was in high school—playing football and baseball and learning Latin and English composition and Geometry and Modern History—in the process of which his sister Mary had to learn them almost as well as himself. And Margaret had returned the year before from a Junior College course and now had a good job in the office of an Automobile Agency. Margaret was just twenty-one, and she was the picture of what Mary had been at the same age.

As for Mary, ten years of self-sacrifice and responsibility and worry had left their mark on her. She was past thirty now; she had not lost her good looks nor her cheerful disposition; but her hands bore the marks of toil; her eyes told a story of needed rest; her hair was not always kept in the finest array. Yet over it all there was a motherliness she had acquired by her years of training that was comfortable and pleasing to behold. She had made herself a mother indeed.

It was an evening in May. Mary returned from devotions in the Church of the Nativity to find Margaret reclining on the chaise lounge in the living room with a novel in her lap. She sat down with a sigh and took up the daily paper.

Margaret spoke. "There was someone here to see you tonight," she said, with a secretive smile.

Mary did not notice the smile. She wondered who it could have been. Perhaps Mrs. Taylor, her next door neighbor, whose little boy was down with the mumps. Or the man from across the street who had promised to come in and fix an electric fuse that had been blown. She mentioned these possibilities to Margaret.

"Nope," said Margaret. "This was a stranger, just returned to town after being away for a long time. His name is Mr. Kenneth Allen. He said he knew you in the sweet long ago."

A whiteness came into Mary's face. The paper dropped to her lap. She sat stiffly—hardly daring to move. Kenneth! Ten years of her life—the ten busiest years—dropped from her like a cloak. She saw

him beside the lake where they had decided to part. She saw him at the front door where they had kissed and said good-bye. He walked into her life as real as he had left it—and she knew she had not forgotten him for an instant.

The voice of Margaret sounded strangely in her ears. She wondered how the girl could speak in so commonplace a manner.

"He wears the cutest little mustache," she said, "and I have never seen such wavy hair. And he must have loads of money. He was dressed to kill and came in a big Packard. And the funniest thing of all was that he insisted on calling me Mary. I told him you were out—and that I was Margaret—but he always seemed to forget. He said he'd come back tomorrow night."

The voice of her sister ran on almost childishly, while Mary sat mute. Ten years! Ten years! What would they mean to him—when he came back to her as he said he would! She thought of the words she had read but recently in some cheap novel: "A man very easily forgets while a woman always remembers." Would that be the story of their romance?

The next day dragged by slowly, and its hours were filled more with apprehension and fear than with happy expectation for Mary. Countless times she went over in memory the happy days of her youth, even while she went about her daily tasks as usual. She knew that she had changed since those days of old—the ten years she had given to the care of her brothers and sister had taken the best out of her. Had Kenneth changed or forgotten? After supper she went to her room—dressed her hair carefully—made herself as presentable as possible, and came down stairs to wait.

At last he came. Through the curtains of the front room she saw the Packard drive up to the curb. Margaret ran to the door—almost with an air of proprietorship over the charming visitor she had met the night before. Kenneth Allen entered the room.

Mary stood quiet, poised exteriorly, eager within.

"Well, well," said Kenneth warmly, as he approached her. "So this is the little mother." He looked from Mary back to Margaret, and spoke to the latter of her almost as of someone he was meeting for the first time. "Has she been good to you? Has she made a good mother?" he said with a smile, and with the words the light of welcome had gone

from Mary's eyes and the warmth from her heart. Yes, he had forgotten. He had come back to start all over again.

"Oh, wonderful," said Margaret. "The best ever."

"Ah, I knew she would. Come, let's sit down and you can tell me all about it. It seems eons since I've been away."

They sat and talked. The night wore on, and gradually—almost prophetically—Mary saw what was happening. Kenneth had come back as he had said he would, and had found awaiting him the very girl of his youthful dreams—in Margaret. Fidelity had brought him back, not love—for his love had cooled or had grown out of him with absence and the activities of those many years; and love could be seen reawakening already—not for her—but for what she was when he left her—for Margaret. She saw his eyes—how they rested on Margaret; she heard his voice—how it addressed her sister with the familiarity of old acquaintance, the familiarity that belonged to her; and she knew that it was for Margaret and not for her to recapture the romance of her own youth.

It was for this she had striven and toiled. It was for this she had taken her mother's place—had helped to make of Margaret what her mother had made of herself. All this was going through her troubled mind, while she sat as one in a daze, pretending to take part in the conversation with Kenneth. She was a mother now, full of a mother's interests, with a motherly look and a motherly tiredness in her eyes. He was still a gay young man, with all his strength, all his love, all his life to give to a girl like Margaret. She herself would be unable to meet his need.

At last he left—with promises to return. Mary went to her room and alone in the dim light of a bedside lamp she faced the truth. She faced it through tears that blinded her eyes and rained down upon the bed. She faced it with every argument her heart's best love could offer her, and only after a long time she knew that argument and tears were futile. So she arose, went to the dresser and took the picture of Kenneth—the Kenneth of twenty-one that had always been there—and laid it away in the bottom drawer of the cabinet.

On the dresser only the picture of the Mother of God remained.

III

The succeeding weeks and months brought to reasoned realization all those things the knowledge of which had been the result of the

woman's wit in Mary regarding the attitude of Kenneth. Ten years had done more to him than it had done to her—so that when he came back, it was not like taking up the thread of their lives from the point where they had been parted—it was a mere retracing his steps, a retracing that never seemed in danger of returning all the way. Before long Mary was convinced that he had either actually forgotten the closeness of their former bond or else thought of those days as forming the irresponsible period of youth—to whose words and thoughts and promises it were unbecoming to refer. He treated her with a sort of reverence, as though the position she had occupied for so long a time had placed her above him and beyond him. He talked with reluctance of other days, and gave her the impression that if his loves or hates of ten years ago were referred to—he would be called upon to blush for them. That was it, she knew now; reverence for her had taken the place of love; and she knew in her heart it was as great an obstacle toward the realization of her dreams as the one that had loomed up before.

Meanwhile Kenneth was getting along famously with Margaret. The latter had known or remembered nothing of what had formerly been the relationship between her sister and this new friend of them both. In accordance with the unobservant ways of youth, she missed the signs of struggle in Mary that would have been plain to a more mature person thrown into daily contact with her; and, as always, she confided to her the various events that marked the progress of her personal friendship with Kenneth. At last, after some six months, Margaret had come to tell her that Kenneth had spoken of marriage.

There was one thing yet left for her to do, thought Mary. She had mothered Margaret thus far, and her motherhood had cost her the sacrifice of her dreams; she must mother her still and make sure that the home she entered would be worthy of her. With this object she called up Kenneth; asked him if she might see him that evening; heard his acquiescence and arranged a place where they might meet to have a talk together.

They met at the lake shore, where they had arranged to part ten years before. They walked down the same gravel path; they stood by the water or strolled along beside it as they had done before. It was a beautiful fall evening, dusk just merging into dark, and before long Mary began to feel that she should have suggested some other place of meeting. She sensed that the time and place were bringing back strong

memories to the man at her side as they had come back to her, and she knew her task would not be easy. They were quiet for a long time.

Then she broke the spell. "I have heard that you want to marry my little sister," she said, trying her best to be motherly in tone, "so I have decided to make bold and talk to you about it."

Kenneth remained silent. He only looked sidewise at her as they walked along, dumbly trying to fathom her.

"I knew you ten years ago," Mary went on, and her voice did not break, "and you were honest and good. As Margaret's foster mother, I want you to tell me, Kenneth, whether the ten years you have been away have left you still worthy to be the husband of—my sister."

Still he was silent. They walked on.

"Perhaps—perhaps I should not ask you that question; yet somehow I trust you—somehow I know you will tell the truth to me."

At last he spoke—and his first word was merely the utterance of her name. "Mary!" He repeated the word and then went on. "How can I answer you? Ten years ago you and I were engaged, and throughout all those years it was the remembrance of you, the vision of you that kept me faithful and good as under God I can vow to you I have been this night. I came back—and you seemed to have gotten away from me, to have climbed above me—beyond me—and I found your sister the exact you of long ago. I turned to her and neglected you, Mary, I have been a cad, a weakling, a coward. My only excuse is that I thought you could not possibly want me now. Tell me, Mary, have I not wronged you?"

Mary felt suddenly weak, dizzy. In the passing of an instant a struggle went on in her soul. Here was her chance to tell him that her arms were aching for him—her soul longed for him, she loved him as she had loved him ever. But if she uttered a word of all that, she knew her sister's life would be shattered; and the man before her would in forced fidelity to her, marry one whom he had really ceased to love. The struggle was over in an instant; such a double tragedy must never be; let her suffer this thing alone.

"No, Kenneth," she said, "you have not wronged me. The years have changed us. Margaret loves you and you love her, and I have yet to finish the work I chose ten years ago. The way for all of us is clear—and so long as I know that you are worthy of Margaret, I shall—I shall dance at your wedding." Her little laugh at the end of her

speech was just short of an hysterical sob—but she managed to cover it well. “Now we can go back,” she added; “that was all I wanted to know.”

When he said good-night to her, he added the words: “Little mother!”—and he never knew that she cried over them all night.

* * *

It was an evening in May. The spring sun, with its last brilliant rays of the day, hung golden tapestries across the interior of the Church of the Nativity as a woman knelt before the Shrine of the Mother of Perpetual Help in prayer.

There had been a wedding in the church that day. Palms still stood in the sanctuary; lilies and ferns adorned the high altar; a flower lay in the aisle where it had been dropped by a bridesmaid. The woman knelt with her eyes fixed on the picture of the Mother of God; and her eyes resembled in their sadness the eyes of the Mother of the picture, for her soul was lonely like the soul of the Mother who had just seen the vision of the cross that awaited her Son. Mary Lynch had purchased at the price of sacrifice the right to kneel very close to the Mother of Perpetual Help, and her heart was filled with a new understanding and a better love.

She prayed—and an answer seemed quickly to come to her. For after a little while she arose to her feet. There was a smile on her lips. Her step was firm as she left the church.

NOTHING TO GAIN?

The Parish Visitor, a consecrated social worker, laboring in the slums of New York, came across a fallen woman one day and spoke to her kindly, and tried to reclaim her from her evil ways.

“I believe every word you say,” said the poor woman. “I believe you, because you have nothing to gain from trying to help me. I never believed any one before.”

Whereupon the Sister answered:

“I have nothing to gain from this world, you mean. That is true. But for the next world I have much to gain if I gain a soul. By returning to your religious duties you will help both of us, you and me. You will assure yourself happiness even here, and certainly hereafter; while you will be helping to add to my eternal reward by giving me one more soul to bring with me to Christ.”

Catholic Readers

SOME TIMELY REFLECTIONS AND RECOMMENDATIONS

THE EDITOR.

"This heading is likely to be confusing," says the Ave Maria. "It may mean Catholics who read; it is intended to mean Catholic readers who read Catholic literature. Of the first we have an army—here, there and everywhere. Those in the second group may reach the proportions of a captain's command.

The writer goes on to say that this emphatically small percentage of Catholics who concern themselves with Catholic life as represented in books and magazines serving their Faith is pointed out periodically; but that the depressing percentage remains. And he tries to account for it.

Whence is it? In answer, he finds several reasons in different classes of Catholic people, whom, no doubt, he met.

There is, first of all, the far-reaching line of the indifferent. They do not read a Catholic book or paper for the simple reason that for them such things don't exist, any more than Duns Scotus or the theory of sound! They eat, do their work, attend Sunday Mass, receive the sacraments occasionally, follow the fortunes of their favorite baseball team, complain about the prices of gas and automobile tires, get pneumonia and recover after a hard battle. A Catholic book? Yes, they heard about some, but they couldn't name one offhand. And that fact didn't seem to bother them in the least. Yes, they see the *Sunday Visitor* or some other Catholic paper in the bookrack in the rear of the church, but Sunday is just long enough to read the sport sheet and the funnies.

Then, he goes on to say, there are those who fear that the Catholic book or magazine will advertise them. "They read a Republican or Democratic newspaper and are not timid about letting people know where they stand. But to have a Catholic book on the shelf or a Catholic paper on the table—why, the Jones' are coming to play bridge tonight and the Browns' tomorrow night. And the Jones' and the Browns' must not get the idea that their Catholic neighbors are old-fashioned or religious people. If we are to live out of doors socially, we must

live our religion in the catacombs." Perhaps you know such people; they live around your corner very probably.

And then we have those—who without knowing it, in many cases, are really intellectual snobs, that is, they think that just because a book is written by a Catholic, it must be dead wood. And that a Catholic magazine is something like a prayer-book, only larger. Smartness and brightness and wit and onwardness and the heights and depths are to be found only in secular magazines whose subscribers run into hundreds of thousands, and which charge a fortune for a page of advertising.

"A Catholic book by a Catholic writer is not daring in details of sex nor intimate to the extent of semi-nudity. It does not make light of blasphemies." It lacks these thrills, and such people want thrills. And this in milder form, even, is enough to keep very many, otherwise good Catholics, from reading Catholic books.

A book of Catholic tone and touch cannot assert "views" which secure a front-page column in the morning daily and make it a best seller by the end of the week.

Then there are those who "simply haven't the time" to read Catholic books. After carefully going through everything in the daily and the Sunday papers—with all their varied sections—there isn't a moment left; by that time their eyes are tired—or their attention evaporated—or the friend is "honking" outside for a ride.

"We need many more Catholic readers who read Catholic books and subscribe to Catholic papers and magazines," the article continues. "We need them not only in benighted sections where Catholic truths are misunderstood or misinterpreted, but also in sections where the Catholic name is well known and influential." And here are some very good reasons:

"If we lack solidarity, if we are provincial and obscure, it is largely because we do not know the whole round of the Church's life in our own country.

"We need the encouragement that comes from reading the brave things done elsewhere as well as the facts about a thousand reports scattered broadcast to misrepresent and assail the Catholic name.

"Ignorance isolates us. It shuts out from us the great records of our history and the truth of what is happening around us at the present time. If we were living in an age of the world when outside contacts and views from remote places were limited to three or four incoming

mails every year, our ignorance might be called excusable. Today, we not only receive news; it is so frequent and so ubiquitous, we cannot escape it."

And then, we must read Catholic books to keep our balance. In the welter of "new" ideas brazenly trumpeted through magazines and books, essays and biographies and novels, our high and pure standards and ideals will suffer unless we have something to steady our minds and our hearts.

Do you read Catholic books? Become an advertiser then. Talk about them, get others to read them, make people feel that they are not quite up to the minute and that they are really missing something worth while, if they do not read such and such a book.

Reflections such as these were suggested by reading some of the books that came to the editor's table during the past month. Some will be mentioned in the Book Reviews. Look them over. Here I wish to refer to some for a special reason:

Fountains of Joy; or "By Water and Blood." By the Rev. Frederick A. Houck. Published by B. Herder. St. Louis. 277 pages. Price, \$2.25.

This is a very original book. In it, as in others by the same author, we find facts of science and nature used as stepping stones to higher truths. The effect of the process is to give us a new appreciation of nature around us and to make us feel confident that between real facts of science and our Faith there can be no conflict. While in the second part of the book we gain a much deeper insight into the value of the Precious Blood of our Saviour for our daily lives. It is interesting and provides a wholesome thrill—that quickening of the pulse and exaltation of feeling that comes from high and holy thoughts.

The Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate. A sketch of the Institute. Volume One. 1920-1923. Published by the Parish Visitors. St. Joseph's Convent, 328 West 71st Street, New York. 463 pages. Price, \$2.50.

We referred to this book in last month's issue, and made an extract from it in order to give you an idea of the contents of it. Here I wish to add only that if you wish to gain an idea of how the Church's religious life can be adapted to modern needs, if you wish to see how magnificently it can meet the social problems that trouble our day, if you wish to be strengthened in your trust in Providence, read this book.

The King's Steward. A True Story. By George N. Lyons. Published for the Dujarie Institute, Notre Dame, Ind. 100 pages. Price, \$1.10.

Here we have the story of a business man of our own days, Mr. George Schumann, now dead. In the preface we read:

"The trouble with so many of us is that we live in the snug complacency of our own self-righteousness. Particularly is this true of those of us who live in the isolation of the cities, where it is unconventional to know the name of our neighbor next door. The materialistic philosophy that permeates the very air that we breathe—the fraud, the corruption, the deceit that show their ugly faces so often in our social, political, and economic life, makes us all grow suspicious, cold, cynical, selfish, until at last all our better impulses are choked and we wall ourselves up like a lot of modern cliff-dwellers, secure in our seclusion. We surround ourselves with all the luxury that money can buy; we throw ourselves into the vortex of worldly distractions that not only leave us no time for thinking but that actually prevent thinking. Thus we go through life forgetful of the indisputable fact that it is the good we do to others that gives purpose and meaning to our own lives. The happiest men and women on earth are those who are most charitable." This is the good and cheering lesson of this book.

And then there are two small books, one for young men, and the other for young women.

The Difficult Commandment. Notes on self-control especially for Young Men. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. Published by P. J. Kennedy. New York. 72 pages. Price, 25 cents, paper cover.

Of it the *Catholic Medical Guardian* says: "A commonsense and friendly appeal to the young man and elder boy that should be placed in their hands when leaving school or entering on life." This opinion of Catholic physicians is certainly reassuring. And the fact that the little book has gone through four editions since December, 1925, speaks for itself.

Into Their Company. A Book for a Modern Girl on Love and Marriage. By a Medical Woman, A Girl, and A Wife. Published by P. J. Kennedy. New York. 88 pages. Price, \$1.00.

We could hardly look for a better combination than we find in the authors of this book. Here we have three ideally fit people to discuss these problems that sometimes trouble the girl of our day. I am not going to spoil the story by adding to it. It is good—very good. It is meant for the girl leaving school.

The Samaritan of Molokai

BROTHER DUTTON

N. C. W. C.

On March 26, there died in St. Francis Hospital, Honolulu, Brother Joseph Dutton, the hero of the leper colony of Kalowao Molokai, in the Hawaiian Islands. He would have been 88 years old this month.

His was at once a strange and a marvelous career. Forty-four years he labored among the lepers of Molokai Island. He arrived there shortly before the celebrated Father Damien died and carried on the work of that great Apostle. When last July he was brought, a feeble, broken old man to the hospital at Honolulu, it was the first time since 1886 that he saw that city.

Brother Dutton was born at Stone, Vt., April 27, 1843, and during the first forty years of his life was known as Ira B. Dutton. He served in the Civil War, enlisting with the Thirteenth Wisconsin Infantry as a private and rising to the rank of captain. In 1883 at the age of forty, he was baptized and received into the Church by Father Reilly, a Dominican, at St. Peter's Church, Memphis, Tenn., taking the name of Joseph.

For a while he thought of entering religious life and with that in view spent some time with the Trappists at Gethsemane, Kentucky, and with the Redemptorist Fathers at St. Louis.

There hearing that Father Damien was ill, he desired to do penance for his past life by nursing the leper priest. In pursuit of this plan, Joseph Dutton made his way to San Francisco and served passage for Hawaii.

"When I met Father Damien," he once said when speaking of this experience, "he received me cordially and called me 'Brother,' and the title stuck to me." Brother Dutton was a layman.

In a printed letter in which he extended the Christmas greetings of 1928 to his many friends in scattered lands, Brother Dutton revealed that many men and women in all parts of the world sought to dedicate their lives to the work among the lepers of Molokai. He also restated his "chief aim" in undertaking the work.

In his letter, Brother Dutton recalled that in 1926, when he had been forty years in service at Molokai, he had sent out a letter in an effort to clear up his indebtedness to the many friends who had written to him.

"Still," he said, "there was a rebound, within a few weeks—and far more in a few months. A surprise came. Such an appeal from highly interesting writers, in the States chiefly, some lay people, also members of religious orders, men and women, all proposing to come here to work.

"None of these letters were from my friends who had received the forty-years' letter, for it stated that the service was well supplied. The urgency was only in Father Damien's time, and up to about 1895.

"These writers offering to come here had had their news by what they had heard of that letter.

"And it all seemed very beautiful—that the spirit of true Christianity is a live element in the busy world.

PENANCE CHIEF AIM

"My chief aim was to do penance for my sins. In fact, because of such sins, I was convinced the penitential system of the Catholic Church was what I needed."

Brother Dutton never contracted the dread disease with which his charges were afflicted. He never learned to use a typewriter, and when an organization in the United States sent him a machine, he turned it over to the government officials, to whom it would be of great use. In his Christmas letter of 1928 he told his friends that he had never ridden in an automobile nor seen a motion picture show, although both are available on the island. He revealed, too, that he once "dropped in" to listen to a radio broadcast, but he was so deaf it was no use. "Said some prayers and left," he wrote, dismissing this incident.

Brother Dutton received a signal honor when, in 1908, the Atlantic fleet, cruising around the world, maneuvered with flying colors before the leper colony, in honor of "the Samaritan of Molokai."

THANKED BY HAWAII LEGISLATORS

In 1929, the house of representatives of the Hawaii legislature adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That this house desires to put on record its appreciation of the great and inspiring service and influence for good, for the splendid and effective service he has rendered in their behalf and for the work done during the past forty years by Brother Dutton in the settlement of Molokai in his ministration to the afflicted in Kalawao and Kalaupapa; and that the thanks of the house of representatives be extended to him in this memorial."

Brother Dutton always retained an active interest in the affairs of the G. A. R., which organization sent him an annual message or token. Such messages and tokens from his old comrades in arms never failed to cheer the hero of Molokai.

To his friends throughout the world with whom he corresponded, Brother Dutton sent a picture of his mother, Mrs. Abigail Barnes Dutton, and explained that his father, Ezra Dutton, "would never have a photo taken." His mother, he said, became a convert to Catholicism in 1844, one year after he entered the Church.

In concluding his letters, Brother Dutton signed himself "joyfully yours."

FORGIVENESS

The Duke of Savoy once sent the Count della Trinita as ambassador to the Pope (Pius V). This Count, it will be remembered, had been one of Pius' most violent opponents when he was Inquisitor in Lombardy.

St. Pius saw the Count enter his presence, and could not disguise his surprise.

"My Lord Ambassador," he said, "I am that poor monk whom you once threatened to throw into a well." But, as the Count showed his embarrassment, he continued: "You see God is always ready to assist the weak."

And then, the Pope assured him in most affectionate words that he bore him no malice and during the course of his diplomatic mission gave him every possible mark of confidence and esteem.

"Thirty years of Our Lord's life are hidden in these words of the Gospel: 'He was subject to them'."—*Bossuet*.

HOLY COMMUNION

Wee fingers unfasten my heart's low door,
Small sandaled feet patter across the floor;
Then soft, yellow ringlets half bury my face,
And I am held tight in the Christ Child's embrace!

—S. M. E.

A Knight of Our Lady

KNUTE K. ROCKNE

Many and beautiful tributes were brought to the memory of Knute K. Rockne, whose tragic death proved that he was perhaps the most loved man in the United States. Every newspaper in the land, practically, sang his praise, and everywhere, friend and stranger spoke of him with sorrowing affection.

But I think the finest tribute—as was meet and just—came from the President of the University Rockne served so well, Father O'Donnell, C.S.C. Speaking at the funeral service on Holy Saturday, he said:

"In this Holy Week a tragic event has occurred which accounts for our presence here today. Knute Rockne is dead. And who was he?

"Ask the President of the United States, who dispatched a personal message of tribute to his memory and comfort to his bereaved family. Ask the King of Norway, who sends a special delegation as his personal representatives to this solemn service.

"Ask the several State Legislatures now sitting that have passed resolutions of sympathy and condolence. Ask the thousands of newspaper men, whose labor of love in his memory has stirred a reading public of 125,000,000 Americans.

"What was the secret of his irresistible appeal to all sorts and conditions of men? When we say simply, he was a great American, we shall go far toward satisfying man, for all of us recognize and love the attributes of the true American character. When we say that he was an inspirer of young men in the direction of high ideals that were conspicuously exemplified in his own life, we have covered much that unquestionably was true of him.

"In an age that has stamped itself as the era of the 'go-getter'—a horrible, ruthless thing—he was a 'go-giver.' He made use of all the proper machinery and the legitimate methods of modern activity to be not essentially modern at all; to be quite elementary, human, Christian, giving himself, spending himself like water, not for himself, for others.

"When we link his name with the intrinsic chivalry and romance of a great college game which he, perhaps, more than any other one man, has made finer and cleaner in itself and larger in its popular appeal, here, too, we touch upon a vital point. But no one of those things, nor all of them put together can quite sum up this man, whose tragic death

at the early age of forty-three has left the country aghast. Certainly, the circumstances of his death do not furnish the answer.

"I do not know the answer. I would not dare the irreverence of guessing. But I find myself in this hour of piteous loss and pained bewilderment recalling the words of Christ: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart. This is the first and greatest commandment.' And the second is like unto this: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' I think, supremely, he loved his neighbor, his fellowman, with genuine, deep love.

"In his case, most illustriously is verified the Christian paradox—he has cast away to keep, he has lost his life to find it. This is not death but immortality.

"We who are here are but a handful of his friends, come to pay our last tribute of devotion to his mortal remains; to give some token of affection so that his dear ones, his loving wife and children, his venerable mother and his sisters, may in their sorrow be a little comforted by our sympathy and the knowledge that we, too, loved him.

"Of necessity, we are few in number in this hallowed place, though thousands are without the doors. But we represent millions of men and women like ourselves who are here in spirit. In the very spirit of these solemn services, and listening all over America to these holy rites.

"It is fitting he should be brought here to his beloved Notre Dame, and that his body should rest a little while in this church where the light of faith broke upon his happy soul, where the waters of baptism were poured on his brow, where he made his first confession, received his first holy communion and was confirmed by the same consecrated hand that today is raised in blessing above his coffin.

"He might have gone to any university in the land and been gladly received and forever cherished there. But he chose Our Lady's school, Notre Dame. He honored her in his life as a student, he honored her in the monogram he earned and wore, he honored her in the principles he inculcated and the ideals he set up in the lives of the young men under his care. He was her own true son.

"To her we turn in this hour of anguish and of broken hopes and hearts laid waste. She is the mother of God and, mother of God's men, we give him into thy keeping. Mary, Gate of Heaven, shine upon his sea. Mary of Notre Dame, take him into thy house of gold. Our life, our sweetness, and our hope, we lay him in thy bosom . . ."



Archconfraternity OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

Our Mother of Perpetual Help

MY OWN INCONSTANCY

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

"That I may be strong against my own inconstancy, come to my help, O Loving Mother!" (From the Litany of Our Mother of Perpetual Help.)

We must always reckon with ourselves just as the organist must always reckon with his instrument. Now, since the fall, man's nature is weak and prone to evil—so that even St. Paul could say: "I know that there dwelleth not in me, that is to say, in my flesh, that which is good. For to will is present with me; but to accomplish that which is good, I find not." (Rom. VII, 18, 19.) The result is an inconstancy which is at once pitiful and dreadful—pitiful in as far as it reveals the sad condition of human nature—dreadful, in as far as it makes us, to use the words of St. Paul again, "work out our salvation with fear and trembling."

This inconstancy reveals itself in the wavering of our faith and the vacillation of our will.

Faith is a light as clear and bright and steady as the stars. And yet, as it is in us, it has moments when, clouded by human consideration, it seems to flicker and fail us. Could we always see things in the white light of Faith—could we always see the eternal issues of insignificant and daily happenings—could we always see temptations, trials, suffering, duty, sacrifice in the light of God—perhaps our way would proceed from brightness to brightness, unwaveringly even to the goal.

And still another difficulty would remain. Our wavering wills often lack the courage and the constancy and perseverance to live up to our ideals and the maxims of Faith.

Charity—beautiful, vigorous virtue—is poured out into our souls indeed by the grace of God that is given to us. Of itself it could tinge with the gold of God's love every act; of itself it could lift us up to heavenly heights. But passions are stirred—the “stream,” the water that Christ pours out in us is muddied—human desires run headlong.

One day we are brave, the next cowardly; one day strong, the next weak; one day no act of love seems beyond us, the next all ardor is cooled; one day we are ready for every sacrifice, the next we shirk the lightest tasks—because we are not in the mood.

And checkered—white and black—our pathway stretches on.

Who shall guard us against our own inconstancy?

One who was constancy itself—who from Bethlehem to Calvary followed the footsteps of her Son and God unswervingly—Mary, Our Mother of Perpetual Help. Her constant help will mend our own inconstancy. Then let your constant prayer be to her: That I may be strong against my own inconstancy, come to my help, O loving Mother.

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I want to thank you publicly for a very special favor which I owe to your intercession.—*Minneapolis.*

* * *

Dear Father: For ten months I had two stores vacant and it was just impossible to rent them. I tried every natural means without success and then I began to make the nine Tuesdays in honor of our Mother of Perpetual Help. I never missed a Tuesday nor a first Sunday of the month and still the stores were not rented. My prayers seemed in vain.

In desperation, then, I began to attend the Mass on Tuesday. The first time I attended the Tuesday morning Mass was July 1st. On July 3rd, Thursday, I rented one store and July 6th I rented the other one. I received Holy Communion when I attended the Mass.

Many thanks to our Mother! I enclose an offering for Mass for the Poor Souls. I shall continue the Tuesdays and shall also attend the Saturday High Mass for the Poor Souls.—*St. Louis.*

* * *

Dear Lady of Perpetual Help: You have been a Perpetual help to me all winter. You have smoothed away many a worry and trouble

which loomed large and threatening at times. I particularly wish to thank you for relieving me, or interceding to Our Lord in ridding me of rheumatism.—*Grand Rapids.*

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I was having difficulty with a piece of work and in my trouble I prayed to you and to the Souls in Purgatory. The difficulty was solved and in thanksgiving I enclose two dollars, one for a Mass in your honor and the other for a Mass for the souls in Purgatory.—*Grand Rapids.*

* * *

Perpetual Help: Enclosed find one dollar for which please read a Mass at your convenience for the Poor Souls. I promised this Mass to Our Lady of Perpetual Help if she would help us hold our business through the winter. Will you kindly mention this fact in THE LIGUORIAN?—*Milwaukee.*

* * *

Dear Father: I wish to thank our Mother of Perpetual Help for the great favor of my cure, after many novenas in her honor. I promised a Mass and publication if helped. Thanks be to God and His dear Immaculate Mother of Perpetual Help for granting my request.—*Chicago.*

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I thank you so much for the position you obtained for me during this last Novena. I am enclosing offering for a Mass in honor of you, dear Mother, for the Poor Souls.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I wish to thank you for granting my request that I asked you for at the last Novena. My husband has secured work now, thanks to your help.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: Thanks, dear Mother, for the recovery of a dangerously injured person. Recovery was complete, although the doctor feared lasting effects of the accident.

* * *

Dear Mother Mary: I come again to thank you for a great favor—that of bringing my little grandchild safe through an operation.

* * *

"To eternity itself there is no other handle than the present moment."

Catholic Anecdotes

LIKE THE ANGELS

St. Margaret, queen of Scotland, had such reverence for the Church and the sacred ceremonies that it was manifest in her whole attitude and in her whole person. It was remarked by everyone.

One day her little children asked their governess:

"Madame, how do the angels of heaven conduct themselves in the presence of God?"

"My dear children," replied the governess, "just watch the Queen, your mother, when she is in church. You will know."

IN A BACKWOODS CABIN

In the very appealing and interesting column that Susan Russell conducts in the *Catholic Weekly* papers, some months ago, there appeared an account of a visit to Tennessee, which I would like to retell for the sake of those who did not see it. "I was down in eastern Tennessee lately, and while there I heard one of the mission priests talk on faith as he found it in the isolated mission country of the mountains. I have heard many good sermons, but I have yet to hear one more beautiful than this, judging by the hearts it reached.

In this beautiful little chapel built of black-gum logs, the priest told of some recent experiences on his trip through the almost impassable portions of the country. He told of a man 94 years of age who had waited from four in the morning until two in the afternoon, fasting and praying, so that he might receive Holy Communion. Father had been delayed and did not arrive at the cabin in Bear Wallow before early afternoon, but he said that he would never forget the light that shone in those dim old eyes, for it was in very truth the light of faith that was shining through.

He told of another faithful soul isolated out there in the mountains. All her kin had gone and she knew she was suffering from a fatal illness, but because she had prayed for years she knew she should have

an opportunity of going to confession and having a priest bless her grave.

"Every November," she told the priest, "I have prayed for the Poor Souls especially, promising to remember them when a Catholic priest would come." She was 64 and had been born and reared in that cabin. Before the priest had left her she went to a little cupboard and took down five dollars, giving it to him for masses for the Poor Souls. She said that she had waited six years for an opportunity to keep her promise.

When the priest refused to accept the money, saying that he would keep her promise for her, with tears in her eyes she asked: "Father, you wouldn't spoil it now after my long waiting?" So he accepted the money and sent it back to her in meal and groceries which she could use.

THEY LIVE—BUT HOW?

A young lad was puzzled by the question, "Isn't there such a thing as right being right?" He had been reading about heroes and how they died and what men did about them.

What about Robert Emmet?

Wasn't that the fellow that was hanged?

And Wolfe Tone?

Committed suicide.

And John Mitchell?

Went to jail.

They're living now, all the same, aren't they?

In books—or what people say; not in what people do. It all comes back to that.

Sure, thought the boy, it does. If there was no right, then maybe, 'twas only for the fun of it that fools for seven hundred years went out to fight and die for Ireland, never caring did they win or lose, but only to do what they couldn't escape. And maybe 'twas only another stroke of fun we've all agreed to call them great heroes and martyrs, and to stick up the pictures of them on the walls of Ireland?

"You are leaving the present," said his dad, "to hark back on the past."

"Because it isn't the past," replied the boy, "not while the pictures remain on the walls, and the histories aren't burned."

Pointed Paragraphs

MOTHERS' DAY

"A father may turn his back on his child; brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies; husbands may desert their wives, and wives their husbands. But a mother's love endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways, and repent; still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy."

The world will celebrate the love of its mothers, so nobly described by Washington Irving, during this month of May. It is good that it will do so, for though a mother can never forget her children, it is not uncommon for a child to forget its mother. Mothers' Day will be a reminder that such forgetfulness is the most selfish, most unkind thing in all the world.

Catholics, too, will join in the celebration of Mothers' Day. To none can the day mean more than to the Catholic, who, whether his mother be living or dead, near him or far away, will offer up Holy Communion for her and thus place on the ledgers of heaven an everlasting token of his love!

Heaven will be dearer to every man, who when he arrives there to be reunited with those he has lost, will find it written of him: This man has remembered his mother!

BURDENS OF BLESSINGS

Let's suppose that one of Admiral Byrd's expedition gets down to the South Pole and starts growling:

"This is a grand mess, you've got me into!" he says to the Admiral. "I'm freezing to death. I'm so weak I can hardly stand. You had no right to let me come on this inhuman adventure."

"You're cold?" says Byrd; "where are your insulated leather and fur clothes I bought for every man?"

"I did not take mine," says the growler.

"You're weak?" the Admiral goes on. "I don't remember you at mess for the last two days."

"I slept through the meals," is the reply.

You say—stop! that fellow was a fool. Why didn't he use the means that would have enabled him to carry on in that glorious expedition?

Right you are. Why don't people do so—in the glorious adventure of life—the expedition to find heaven!

A BUNDLE OF "IFS"

If you want to be respected, you must respect yourself and others.

If you want to control others, you must learn to control yourself.

If you want friends, be friendly.

If you want justice, be fair with others.

If you want consideration, be considerate.

If you want courtesy, be courteous.

If you want to be strong, be quiet but unafraid.

If you want to keep your character and reputation, keep good company or none.

If you want to be popular, never say an unkind word about anyone.
—*Sunshine*.

CONTENTMENT

Contentment is one of the elements which seems to be lacking in our modern life. People are in search of it, but in the midst of the hurry and bustle, in the quest for luxury, and comfort, seem to have lost the scent of it.

The secret of contentment, says the *St. Paul Wanderer*, is in being satisfied with, or at least resigned to our lot in life. God in His Providence watches over us, and our hearts can find peace and happiness, if we will but see His Will in all things.

A certain Italian Bishop expressed the thought of contentment very clearly. He had been struggling with great difficulties without repining and had met with trials without betraying the least impatience. A friend of his who saw and admired such holy example, one day asked the Bishop if he would give him the secret of being always happy, of holding peace of heart and content of mind even when troubles were strong-

est. "Yes," replied the Bishop, "I can teach you the secret with great ease. It consists in nothing more than a right use of the eyes." His friend begged him to explain further. "Most willingly," returned the Bishop. "In whatever condition of affairs I am placed, no matter how severe the difficulty, or how grave the trial, or how serious the problem or trouble, I first look up to heaven and remember that my principal business is to get there; I then look down to earth and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy when I am buried; I then look abroad on the world, and observe what multitudes there are who are, in all respects, more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or complain."

OUR AUDIENCE

Serena Ward, in the Christian Family, recalls an anecdote from the life of Edwin Booth, the English actor.

One night he came to the theatre to play. It was a stormy night. The rain drizzled outside, wind swept up wailingly, and Booth was as discouraged as an actor has a right to be when he faces an empty hall.

However, down in the back of the theatre sat three or four dripping figures, and, disheartened though he was, a thought suddenly stirred the artist's heart. It was this:

"The king sits in every audience. Play to Him."

Edwin Booth played to the king that night, in imagination. And a few days later was heralded by England as famous. For the King had actually sat in his audience that miserable night. Really had—and beheld such acting as Booth had never done before.

Life has been called a stage. We are the players performing our parts—big or small—all important for the perfection of the whole. And the King-God—is in our audience—really and indeed.

For Him only the best will do.

"We are born subjects, and to obey God is perfect liberty. He that does this shall be free, safe and happy."—*Seneca*.

"As nothing truly valuable can be attained without industry, so there can be no persevering industry without a deep sense of the value of time."—*Sigourney*.

Catholic Events

In an address to the officers and students of the North American College in Rome, the Holy Father paid striking praise and gave his blessing to the Bishops and People of the United States. And then he said:

"We must say with particular pleasure that no country,—although all the countries of the world and also of the seas replied to that paternal message of Ours in a marvelous, not to say miraculous, manner, such as New Zealand, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, your Rocky Mountains, the Andes, the Cordilleras,—no country replied to that message so largely, so fully, so gloriously, as the United States of America. It can be said that a real mountain of telegrams and letters came to Us from your country; and not only from Catholics, but also from non-Catholics who began by declaring themselves as such, but with quite a special sense of appreciation of Our words, which gave Us the confidence that Our message, thanks to the divine Goodness, has not been without some immediate good to so many minds, to so many souls."

* * *

As soon as it was learnt at the Vatican that a series of earthquakes had visited Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, reducing it to ruins, His Eminence, Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Secretary of State, cabled to the President of the Nicaraguan Republic, extending to him in the name of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, the Pontiff's sincerest condolence and assurance of prayers for the victims of the disaster: The Pope also at once sent money for first aid relief work to his representative in Costa Rica.

* * *

The recent change of Government in Spain has made many apprehensive of the status of the Church under the new government. Nothing certain can as yet be said, since reports vary. Men in Washington who are familiar with leading figures in present events in Spain assert that Don Niceto Alcalá Zamora, provisional president of the new republic, has in the past shown himself to be a practical Catholic and has shown no anti-clerical or radical tendencies.

One person in Washington, who has recently been in Spain and is in touch with authoritative sources of information in that country, told an interviewer that President Zamora has been unusually devout in the practice of his religion, being a frequent attendant at weekday Mass and preparing for momentous steps and decisions by attending Mass. Zamora's conservatism, it is conceded here, has been outstanding.

The statement regarding religion contained in the first decree of the provisional government, as reported, is as follows:

"The Provisional Government claims it will respect in the fullest manner the individual conscience under the liberty of beliefs and cults,

without the State requiring its citizens ever to reveal their religious convictions."

In a statement on his regime given out by provisional President Zamora it also was declared:

"The Republic will respect fully individual conscience and freedom of beliefs and religion."

A semi-official statement issued by the Vatican regards the situation without apprehension both because the Vatican is quite indifferent to the form of government adopted by Catholic countries and is ready to enter into relations with all *de facto* and constituted authorities and because in the present case the promoters of the Spanish republican movement explicitly declared their respect for the Church.

The Bishop of Barcelona, Spain, has sent a circular letter to the Catholic clergy under his jurisdiction advising them not to take sides in the political discussions now rife in connection with the departure of the Spanish monarch.

* * *

In a speech delivered recently at Georgetown University, the Japanese Ambassador, Katsuji Debuchi, whose wife is a Catholic, reviewed the history of the Catholic Church in Japan since the time of St. Francis Xavier, and said:

"Since the reopening of the Church (1862) and also after the promulgation of the Imperial Constitution in 1889, providing for the absolute freedom of religious belief, Catholicism in Japan has again steadily developed. There are at present about 200,000 Catholics in my country, well organized and amply protected. There are a large number of educational establishments under the able management of various Catholic missions, including a Jesuit university in Tokyo. Self-sacrificing endeavors of the Catholic Sisters in the field of education as well as in philanthropic and social work, are especially commendable. The Catholicism of Japan which was introduced and inspired by St. Francis Xavier about four centuries ago, is bound to flourish."

* * *

The private schools in the State of Michoacan, Mexico, which were closed by decree of the Governor of that State, have been authorized by the Federal Government to re-open their doors. The schools,—particularly the Catholic schools,—had been closed by General Cardenas when he was Governor, on the pretense that the teachers could not produce their certificates of graduation from normal school. The act was attributed to the revolutionary antecedents of gardenas.

* * *

Upon invitation of His Eminence, the Most Rev. Archbishop, the 28th annual meeting of the National Catholic Educational Association will be held in Philadelphia on June 22, 23, 24, and 25. More than 2,500 delegates are expected to attend.

* * *

Peter W. Collins, national director of the employment service of the Knights of Columbus, reports that 2,550 councils of the Order in this country have obtained a total of 73,950 jobs for the jobless of

all creeds and races since the creation of the employment service which is cooperating with President Hoover's emergency employment group. Approximately 32,000 knights are engaged in the job-finding campaign.

* * *

The Catholic population of the United States proper for the year 1930 was 20,091,593, according to the official Catholic Directory for 1931, which will be issued shortly by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. This represents an increase of 13,391 over the 1929 Catholic population figure given in the last issue of the directory.

The number of converts to Catholicism in the United States reported is 39,528, a gain of 1,296 over the figure reported last year.

The Catholic priesthood increased 939 during the year, there now being 27,854 priests, 8,552 of whom are members of religious orders.

There are four Cardinals, 16 Archbishops (including the Cardinals), and 104 Bishops.

Sixty-two new parishes have been established, the total number now being 12,575. There are also 5,743 mission churches where services are held.

Ten new theological seminaries were established in the last year, the total number now being 145, with 17,616 students for the priesthood attending, an increase of 1,316.

The total population figure given does not include the Catholic population in Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands or the Philippines.

Six new orphan asylums have been established, the total now being 335. They care for 52,328 orphans, 805 more than last year. There are 15 more homes for the aged, the total being 15.7.

In hospitalization work, the Church has gone forward in establishing 18 new hospitals, bringing the total to 642. It is estimated that these institutions are caring for more than 100,000 patients daily.

* * *

REDEMPTORIST SCHOLARSHIPS

Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish Denver, Colo.).....	\$ 522.00
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Some Good Books

Peregrinus Goes Abroad. By the Rev. Michael Andrew Chapman. Published by Frederick Pustet Co., Cincinnati. 278 pages. Price \$2.00.

Father Chapman's book is intended for priests. It is really astonishing what an amount of subjects he covers in this book. The first thirty-three chapters—twenty under the caption: See America First—and 13 under the title: Peregrinus goes Abroad—are conceived in the whimsical style which became so familiar to us in the pages of the Acolyte. The remaining thirteen chapters are in more serious strain. But every chapter is full of information on liturgical matters.

The Franciscan Catholic Monthly Review. 1931 Almanac Edition. Paper cover. 320 pages. Published by The Franciscans, Paterson, N. J. Price, 60 cents.

This Almanac is a veritable storehouse of all manner of facts, points of information, sacred and secular—odd and expected,—but all interesting and most of them useful. Perhaps too, it is to be expected that there be some mistakes and omissions. But it gives you all the pleasure of browsing and stumbling on surprises that enrich your information.

A number of pamphlets have been sent in that we are glad to recommend:

St. Gerard Majella, C.Ss.R., by Rev. John Carr, C.Ss.R. Published by the Irish Catholic Truth Society. 32 pages. An excellent summary of the life of the great Saint. It is lively, interesting, inspiring and suitable to make our Saint known, loved, and venerated.

Amazing Teresa Neumann. The Girl of Konnersreuth, Bavaria, who bears the Stigmata of Our Saviour. An address by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D.D., Bishop of Cleveland. Published by the Catholic Universe-Bulletin, Cleveland, Ohio. 15 pages. Price, 5 cents.

Bishop Schrembs here gives us a good account of his interview with Teresa Neumann. He seizes upon the salient points in her remarkable story and tells his own experiences. There are six illustrations.

The Month of the Sacred Heart. By Sister Mary Emmanuel, O.S.B. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis. 294 pages. Price, \$2.00.

Sister Mary Emmanuel, who has already given us several Month books, here presents us with a book on the Sacred Heart. Since June is dedicated to the Sacred Heart, we wish to bring this book to the notice of religious and lay people. It offers us a short reading, suitable for reflection and meditation, for every day of the month. An invocation from the litany forms the text for each day's reading. Sister Emmanuel has used some of the best sources in preparing this volume. It will be valuable also to priests obliged to speak on the Sacred Heart.

The Mariology of Saint John Damascene. By Valentine A. Mitchell, S.M., S.T.D. Published by Maryhurst Normal Press, Kirkwood, Mo. 221 pages. Price, \$1.50.

Born about 675 and dying in 749, St. John Damascene is recognized on account of his genius for systematization as the First of the Schoolmen. More important still, he is also esteemed by the Greek Church as, perhaps, its greatest theologian. His life and work takes us back to ancient times and makes us relive the thought and prayer of the East before the days of the sad schism.

Here lies the value of this book for the scholar and the layman alike, and Father Mitchell has done his work to the satisfaction of both. The scholar will be delighted to read this well documented and thorough discussion of St. John's teaching regarding the Blessed Virgin. It leaves little to be desired. His conclusions regarding Mary's mediation are particularly interesting at this time. The chapter on the Immaculate Conception likewise, is worth special attention.

As for the layman, it will be enlightening to hear this preacher of the seventh century speaking about devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and to the saints in general in the very same way as we do today.

Lucid Intervals

School Instructor—"And the father of the prodigal fell on his neck and wept. Now, Alexander Bonetop, tell the children why the father wept."

Aleck—"Huh! I guess you'd weep, too, if you fell on your neck."

The colored maid approached the daughter of the household with a piece of shoe-string. "Oh, Miss Annie," she said beseechingly, "I got such a misery in mah hair! Won't you take an' tie up mah top hair! Tie it up jes'-ez tight ez you kin—mah palate's fallin' down."

"Did you see that charming girl smile at me?"

"Yes, the first time I saw you, I, too, had to smile."

"Can you imagine anyone going to bed with his shoes on?"

"Who does that?"

"My horse."

Elixir: "Ah shoe does habe bad luck."

Licorice: "Shucks, you don't know what bad luck am. Las' night Ah dreamt Ah waz walkin' longside a lake ob gravy an' dey wasn't a biskit in 50 miles!"

"What yo' got in yo' mouf?" asked one colored boy of another as they started off with their fishing poles.

"Fishin' worms," he replied.

"Puttin' worms in yo' mouf! Don't you know better'n dat? Why don't yo' put 'em in you' pocket?"

"Put'em wid mah lunch in mah pocket? Ah should say not!"

Judge (to defendant)—Do you want to challenge any member of the jury?

Ex-Prize-Fighter—Ah ain't feelin' jes' right, judge, but ah don't mind goin' a couple of roun's with that fat gemmun in the co'ner.

A lady motorist was driving along a country road when she spied a couple of repair-men climbing telephone-poles. "Fools!" she exclaimed to her companion, "they must think I never drove a car before."

"Ah, shuah does pity you," said a colored pugilist to his opponent as they squared off. "Ah was bohn with boxin' gloves on."

"Maybe you was," retorted the other; "and I reckon you'se goin' to die de same way."

Mr. Tarr—"Doctah, whas de mattah wid Brudder Snoops? What 'zeas do he 'peah to be 'flicted wid, in yo' humble 'pinion?"

Doctor Dingfold—"Chronic chicken stealin' complicated wid birdshot in de back, sah."

A policeman discovered a drunk crawling around on his hands and knees under a lamp-post and asked him what he was doing.

"Looking for my pocketbook, shir," replied the sot.

"Where did you lose it?" asked the copper dropping to his knees and helping him look for it.

"Down at the nexsh corner," said the drunk.

"The next corner! Then what in the heck are you looking here for?"

"Well, there'sh more light here, ain't there?"

A man named Dodgin was recently appointed foreman, but his name was not known to all the men under him.

One day he ran across two men smoking in a corner.

"Who are you?" asked one of them.

"I'm Dodgin, the new forman," he replied.

"So are we. Sit down and have a smoke."

A man bought some sausages and asked his landlady to cook them for his breakfast.

"How'll I cook them?" she asked.

"Fry 'em like fish," replied the lodger.

The next morning, when the landlady served them, she remarked: "I hope you'll enjoy your breakfast, sir; but there's not much in these things when they're cleaned out."

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